

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Now the King drinke to Hamlet, come beginne. *Trumpets the while.*
 And you the Iudges beare a wary eye.
 Ham. Come on sir.
 Laer. Come my Lord.
 Ham. One.
 Laer. No.
 Ham. Iudgement.
 Ostr. A hit, a very palpable hit. *Drum, trumpets and shot.*
 Laer. Well, againe. *Flourish, a peece goes off.*
 King. Stay, giue me drinke, Hamlet this pearle is thine.
 Heeres to thy health, giue him the cup.
 Ham. Ile play this bout first, set it by a while
 Come, another hit. What say you?
 Laer. I doe confest.
 King. Our sonne shall winne.
 Quee. Hee's fat and scant of breath.
 Heere Hamlet take my napkin rub thy browes,
 The Queene carowfes to thy fortune Hamlet.
 Ham. Good Madam.
 King. Gertrard, doe not drinke.
 Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.
 King. It is the poyfned cup, it is too late.
 Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.
 Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.
 Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.
 King. I doe not think't.
 Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.
 Ham. Com for the third Laertes, you doe but dally.
 I pray you passe with your best violence
 I am sure you make a wanton of me.
 Laer. Say you so come on.
 Ostr. Nothing neither way.
 Laer. Haue at you now.
 King. Part them, they are incens'd.
 Ham. Nay come againe.
 Ostr. Look to the Queene there hoe.
 Hora. They bleed on both sides, how is it my Lorde?
 Ostr. Hoft ist Laeres?
 Laer. Why as a woodcock to mine owne sprindge. *Ostrick*

Prince of Denmark

I am iustly kild with mine owne treachery
 Ham. How does the Queene?
 King. She sounds to see them bleed.
 Quee. No, no, the drinke, the drinke, O
 The drinke, the drinke, I am poyfned.
 Ham. O villanie! hoe let the dore be
 Treachery, seeke it out.
 Laer. It is heere Hamlet, thou art flain
 No medcin in the world can do thee good
 In thee there is not halfe an houres life.
 The treacherous instrument is in my hand
 Vnbated and enuenom'd, the foule practice
 Hath turn'd it selfe on me, loe here I lye
 Neuer to rise againe: thy mother's poyfne
 I can no more, the King, the Kings too
 Ham. The point enuenom'd to, then v
 All. Treason, treason.
 King. O yet defend me friends, I am
 Ham. Here thou incestious damned
 Drinke of this potion, is the Onixe heere
 Follow my mother.
 Laer. He is iustly ferd, it is a poyson
 Exchange forgiuenes with me noble Ham
 Mine and my fathers death come not v
 Nor thine on me.
 Ham. Heauen make thee free of it.
 I am dead Horatio, wretched Queene a
 You that looke pale and tremble at this
 That are but mutes, or audience to this
 Had I but time as this fell Sergeant Dea
 Is strict in his arrest, O I could tell you
 But let it be; Horatio I am dead,
 Thou liuest, report me and my cause a
 To the vnsatisfied.
 Hora. Neuer beleene it;
 I am more an antike Romane then a D
 Heere's yet some liquor left.
 Ham. As th'art a man
 Giue me the cup, let goe, by heauen I